



home is where the heart is (my heart's with you) by Orange Pens and Messy Hands

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Hurt-Comfort, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Eleven/Jane H., J. Hopper, Mike W.

Pairings: Eleven/Jane H./Mike W.

Status: Completed

Published: 2019-07-10 22:29:36

Updated: 2019-07-10 22:29:36

Packaged: 2019-12-12 18:53:38

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,442

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: In which El's leaving Hawkins and she's scared to leave her home. One-shot.

home is where the heart is (my heart's with you)

Words w/out AN: 1334

Pairing(s): Mileven

I own nothing.

home is where the heart is (my heart's with you)

For as long as El could remember, Hawkins, Indiana has been her home.

Even if she didn't know that's what it was called, yet.

There were times when she couldn't imagine a life outside of her small white room in that government facility on the outskirts of town.

She grew used to calling the harshly lit room her home and Papa and the workers her family.

At the time she believed what he told her. She believed he wanted to help her, not use her. She believed he would take care of her. She believed he was right.

The worst part is that she believed things would always stay the same. El thought she would always be living in that bright, cold room because she had never experienced anything else.

What more could she yearn for if she couldn't fathom anything outside of her walls?

She remembers when Papa would ask her to use her powers on other people. People she didn't even know.

He was kind and gentle to El. He knew how to manipulate her. Papa said he had El's best interests at heart.

But the only thing El was interested in was somebody who cared

about her.

She realized Papa never actually cared about her. All he ever did was lie to further his own agenda.

Papa called himself a friend. But she knows now, friends don't lie.

O.o.O.o.O.o.O.o.O.o.O.o.O

El spent a brief period of time living in Mike's basement. It was definitely a new experience for her. Mike was so kind to her. He helped her when she needed it. He became a friend. Her *best* friend.

Mike's friends were nice, too. "The Party," they called themselves.

They all helped to hide her from Papa. Mike took it upon himself to give her a room (a tent in his basement) but the gesture still meant the world to her. So, although she only lived there for a few days, she considered it one of her fondest homes.

Maybe the location wasn't so important, but the people that took her in, the people that genuinely cared for her, they were what made a small tent in a basement feel like a home.

But when Papa got too close, when he threatened her home, she knew she had to leave. To protect Mike and the rest of The Party.

O.o.O.o.O.o.O.o.O.o.O.o.O

Life with Hopper was something completely new and unexpected for El. Back with Papa, she wasn't allowed to leave her room unless they were going to do an experiment.

Here, she was able to go throughout the entire cabin. Hopper wouldn't let her go outside, though. He said it was still too dangerous. He said Papa's men could be anywhere looking for her. El couldn't go out because she was safer in the cabin.

Mike was safer as long as El stayed in the cabin too, Hopper explained. El watched as Papa and his men killed Hopper's friend Benny. She knew they would do the exact same thing to Mike and her friends if she was caught with them.

But sometimes it got too hard. She got too mad, or sad. She wanted to see Mike and talk to Mike. She could use her powers to see him, but never interact with him. It made her angry.

El would yell and scream at Hopper. She would say he was just like Papa for locking her up. For keeping her from Mike.

But then she'd calm down. Hopper would bring her a Triple Eggo Extravaganza and she'd remember that he was nothing like Papa. Hopper cared about her. He made her feel loved and did the best he could to give her a normal childhood given the circumstances.

She remembers so many months ago throwing a tantrum and blasting all the windows in the cabin to pieces. She remembers him breaking the tv so she wouldn't be able to see Mike anymore. So many insignificant fights with the one person who treated her like a father should treat someone, because that's how she saw Hopper.

As her dad.

She knows he wasn't perfect. She knows *she* wasn't perfect. But he was always willing to look past the imperfections.

The dinghy cabin they lived in could have been anywhere, anything. A small apartment in some random complex, a large mansion in the middle of the countryside.

But the thing that really made it a home was her dad.

O.o.O.o.O.o.O.o.O.o.O.o.O

El found herself tearing up at the thought of Hopper. His *disappearance*, was still fresh in her mind. She refuses to believe that he's actually gone. She half expects him to walk through the door and get mad at her for being out so late.

It doesn't help that her powers were gone. She could've used them to

search for him. Maybe he was blasted to the upside-down, like she was when she fought off the demogorgon. She needs closure, but with her powers gone she'll never get it.

Mike's been supportive. She's thankful for that. If there's one thing she can count on, it's Mike for being there for her. He never gave up on her, even when he had every right to.

She tried going into the cabin to clear out her stuff, but she couldn't bring herself to do it. Her home didn't feel like a home without Hopper. Instead, she asked Mike to do it for her.

After the whole situation at the mall, she spent a couple of nights with Mike in his basement. It reminded her of way back when she had first escaped the government compound.

She ate a whole box of Eggos and cried herself to sleep. And Mike, as much as he tried to help, there was nothing he could do.

Joyce told El that she could stay with them. It was nice. El always liked Mrs. Byers. Hopper was always hanging out with Joyce anyway that staying at the Byers' house felt like a regular sleepover.

And when Joyce suggested they move out of Hawkins to get away from the evil in this town, it sounded like a good idea.

But here she was, crying because it was finally time to go.

Hawkins had been a mix of the best and worst moments of her life. She's had so many different homes throughout the town that leaving didn't even matter anymore.

It wasn't about where she was going, it was about *who* she was leaving behind.

Some time ago, Mike had told her that "Home is where the heart is." She didn't understand at the time because she was still learning English and metaphors went over her head, but she thinks she understands now.

There was a key difference between a home and a place you sleep. A place you sleep can be anywhere, whether it's the back of a van, or a

forest, or some harshly lit government facility, it doesn't matter to you.

While a home is somewhere that matters. Whether it's some dinghy cabin with the best dad in the world or a small tent with the first person to care about you.

A home is somewhere that brought fond memories to El. It consists of the most important people in her life. A home isn't where you sleep, it's where your heart is.

"I don't want you to leave." Mike whispers behind her. He appears out of nowhere and creeps up behind El.

She doesn't look behind her as he hugs her from behind. Her eyes stay focused on the horizon, on the surrounding house. Anywhere and everywhere, trying to absorb the memory of her home.

"I don't want to leave either." She says back, loud enough for Mike and only Mike to hear. She grabs his hand. "I don't want to leave my home."

i deleted the last story bc i didn't like it. might reupload after heavy editing. enjoy this in the meantime. no in-depth AN today, kinda tired. all mistakes are mine and as always i hope you all enjoyed !